

that gave himself a ransom for a world lost in sin, without feeling his own soul quickened to greater love and pity for precious immortal souls, wandering in darkness? And this quickened love is a growth in grace. Who can study Christ's tender compassion, his pity, his helpfulness, to the poor, the suffering, the neglected without feeling his own heart grow more tender, more gentle, more pitiful toward the helpless, the needy, the wandering? And this is a step toward the divine. Who can contemplate Christ's sacrifice upon the cross, his suffering, his death, his atonement, without feeling his heart glow with a desire to spend and be spent for the glory of God and the salvation of the world. And all this is a rising upward in the, divine life.

But it is not enough that we look upon him through his word but we must talk with him through prayer. Prayer is one of the great secrets of Christian strength and growth. The Christian who is often bowed before God, whose daily life is a daily communion with God, is the Christian who daily grows in grace and in knowledge of God. By communion with God, we rise into his conscious presence, we rise above the earthly and sensual, and we catch from Christ an inspiration to a higher and holier life. There is an old proverb which says, "Show me the company a man keeps and I will show you his character." We know the truth of this. We grow like those with whom we associate. This is true of our associations with those about us; how much more is it true of our association and communion with Jesus Christ! What is it makes the true Christian man nobler, braver and truer than other men? It is his association with the Lord Jesus. What is it makes the true Christian woman milder, gentler and sweeter than other women? It is that she has been with Jesus and learned of him. There is no influence to refine men like that of living near to Jesus Christ. There is no power to beautify women like that of walking in the light and effulgence of the glory of God.

One further thought I would present to you. There can be no aspiration for a higher life, for spiritual development, for growth in grace, without a

consciousness of present imperfections. Unless we feel our weakness, we will not reach upward for strength. Without a consciousness of present imperfections, we shall not aspire to a higher life. A clear sense of what we now are, and dissatisfaction with present attainments is one of the conditions of our rising higher in the divine life. We stand, as it were, by the hill side. We look down into the valley below from which we have risen. We have climbed but a little way. But turning our gaze upward, we see untrodden heights above us. We see so much room for improvement, for development, for growth in grace. The progress already made, the heights already reached reveals to us the grand possibilities before us but it also shows us how little we have yet done, how far from perfection we yet stand, and this is necessary to inspire us to greater effort. We want to see ourselves just as we are. Scotland's poet, Robbie Burns wrote, "O for the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us." And the one great desire of the Christian should be to see himself as he looks to the pure eyes of God. "O for the giftie gie us to see ourselves as Christ now sees us." Could we look into our hearts and see ourselves in all the weakness of our human natures, surely we would be inspired to make greater efforts to grow in grace. Surely we could not be content with present attainments, in the Christian life.

And this clear insight into the inner recesses of our own hearts, this knowledge of our own imperfections, this clear sense of what we now are and what it is possible for us to become, can only come to us, when we spread out our hearts to the Divine Spirit, when we ask God to let his Spirit shine into our hearts and show us how and what we are.

O, then, let us ask God to help us. "Search me, O God, and try me." Let us keep near to Jesus, near enough to feel his touch, to hear his voice, to see his face. Let us commune with him in our closets, around the family altar, and in the sanctuary. Not content with being tomorrow just what we are today, let us "covet earnestly the best gifts," let us attempt the loftiest heights of grace, never fainting, never tiring,

never wearying, but pressing onward and upward toward that field that lies before us, stretching beyond the grave, and above the stars, that eternal home where we shall have attained to perfection, that eternal City whose Builder and Maker is God.

When, by this close walk with God, by earnest effort, by prayer, by looking at Christ through his word, each individual heart rises into a higher life, then the Brethren church shall have attained unto a higher standard of spirituality.

THE HARVEST IS PAST.

BY H. P. BRINKWORTH.

Here we have special reference to the harvest and we stop to inquire, what harvest? We answer, the harvest of souls:—but you ask again—where is the field? We reply the world! You ask again—where are the reapers? Look around on every side, in every field, and we see reapers, we see gleaners and as we behold the harvest we cry, "Pray ye the Lord to send more laborers!" We see the earnest gatherer, we behold the weary gleaner, we see, alas, those who have become discouraged and by reason of discouragement have almost quit. We look again—the field is white, the harvest is great, but the wages are sure: "None laboreth in vain, rest is promised," more than that, houses, homes, lands, more than that, in the world to come, life everlasting. The harvest is past, dear reader, are you saved? The summer is ended, are you saved? What saith the Prophet, the "Harvest is past, the summer is ended and I am not saved!!! Is this your condition? How can you neglect so great salvation, freely given for Jesus' sake. O, may it not be said of any of us, that, alas they died as they lived without hope and without God in the world.

Louisville, O.

Some people are always blaming God for the troubles they bring upon themselves.

One reason why people make crooked paths is because they keep looking back.

The principle work of unbelief is to make a foundation of sand look like solid rock.